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The Two Villages.
Over the river on the hill,
Lies a village white and still;
All around it the forest trees
Shiver and whisper in the breeze;
Over it坐ing shadows go
Of soaring hawk and swooping crow,
And mountainous low and sweet,
Grow in the midst of every street.

The other village under the hill,
Another village lies still;
There I see in the cloudy night
Twinkling stars of household light,
Fires that glimmer from the chimney's door,
Mists that curl on the river's shore;
And in the roads no grasses grow,
For the wheels that hasten to and fro.

In that village on the hill
Never is sound of smoky or mill;
The houses thatched with grass and flowers,
Never a clock to tell the hours;
The children that play always shout;
You may not even hear or but;
All the village lie asleep;
Never a grain to sow or reap—
Never in dream to man or sigh,
Silent, and idle, and low they lie.
In that village under the hill
When the night is starry and still,
Many a weary soul in prayer
Looks to the other village there.
And weeping, and sighing, long to go
Up to that house, from this house,
Leave the village to the village,
Whither have I satisfied wife and child,
And honest, praying, this answer will—
"Patient" that village shall hold ye all.

—[Limerick Times.]

H. Coleridge.

Woman.

A Queen of noble Nature's crowning,
A Queen of hers was like an act of grace;
She was no woman, but a Queen, a Queen,
Like daily beauties of the vulgar race.
But the Queen, a light was on her face;
A clear, cool kindness, a sunbeam.
Of peaceful radiance, silvery in the stream
Of human thought, of unabiding glory,
Not quite awaking truth, not quite a dream,
A creation bright and fair.

—[Limerick Times.]

Falling in Love.

There is nothing—no moral or intellectual phenomena—more strange than falling in love. What it is; whence it originates; how brought about—these things are among the hidden mysteries of our nature.

A girl has reached the age of eighteen, a young man that of twenty-one. They have lived at home, traveled a little, pursued their studies, attended parties, and been a good deal in the company of young people, yet they never took a very deep interest in any thing particular—neither of any other person.

They meet, and lot of a sudden, all changed. Each sees the other in a different light from what any other was ever seen in—the whole world seems changed; life itself is changed; like what it was, again, never more.

Love is often as sudden as this; but not always. Sometimes it is of very slow growth. Persons have known each other for years, and been in each other's society, and been intimate all this time; but never thinking of a tie stronger than friendship, when some incident or event—a temporary parting, or the intervention between them of a third person, friend or stranger, reveal to them, for the first time, the great truth that they are mutually in love. Yet this love, springing up gradually and imperceptibly, is no less mysterious and unfathomable than that which is sudden and at first sight.

It is not mere friendship grown strong; it is a more absorbing, more violent, more uncontrollable sentiment.

Love lives to labor—it lives to give itself away. There is no such thing as indolent love. Look within your heart, and see if this is not true. If you love any one truly and deeply, the cry of your heart is to spend and be spent in your loved one's service. Love would die if it could not be spent.

Its keenest suffering is met when it finds itself unable to assist. What man could see the woman he loves lack any thing and be unable to give it to her and not suffer? Why, love makes one a slave! It toils night and day, refusing all wages and all reward, save the smile of the one unto whom it is bound, in whose services it finds delight, at whose feet alone it discovers its heaven. There is no danger that language can be too strong, or too fervently used, to portray the service of love. By candle and couch, by sick bed and coffin, in hut and palace, the ministries of love are being wrought. The eyes of all behold them; the hearts of all are moved at the spectacle.

Whether a person can fall in love more than once is a mooted question. Some people appear to fall in love many times. It is not usual to see widowers, who have been very devoted husband, marry again, and seem to love the second wife just as well as the first.

IMPORTANT SOCIAL PROBLEMS.

Questions of importance by a four-year-old: "How do they get our souls out of our bodies when we die—out 'em out?" "Why don't we see the yellow envelopes the telegraph comes in, goin' long the telephone wires?" "If the Bible calls bad old folks goats, bad children are kids, isn't they?" "Is it too late for me to get a twin brother?" "Any rate, me and Billy Green is twin cousins, ain't we?" "If you was me when you was a man, would you drive a hearse or join a circus?"

Send for Mother.

"Dear me! it wasn't enough for me to nurse and raise a family of my own, but now, when I'm old and expect to have a little comfort here, it is all the time, 'Send for mother!' and the dear old soul growls and grumbles, but dresses herself as fast as she can, notwithstanding. After you have trotted her off and got her safely in your home, and she flies around administering rebukes and remedies by turns, to make it easier. It's right now, or soon will be—"Mother's come!"

In sickness, no matter who is there, or how many doctors quarrel over your case, everything goes wrong, somehow, till you send for mother. In trouble, the first thing you think of is to send for mother.

But this has its ludicrous as well as its touching aspect. The verdant young couple to whom baby's extraordinary grimaces and alarming yawns, which threaten the dislocation of its chin; its wonderful sleep, which it accomplishes with its eyes half open, and no perceptible motion of breath on its lips, causing the young mother to imagine it is dead this time, and to shriek out, "Send for mother!" in tones of anguish—this young couple, in the light of the experience which three or four babies bring, find that they have been ridiculous, and given mother a good many "treats" for nothing.

Did any one ever send for mother—and did she fail to come, unless sickness or the infirmities of age prevented her? And when, in your childhood, those willing feet responded to your call, so they still do, and will continue as long as they are able? And when the aunts come, which none yet disregarded, though it will be a very dark one for you, then God, too, will send for mother.

Water.

Some years ago a ship sailing in the South Atlantic saw another making signals of distress. They bore down toward the sufferers and hailed them. "What is the matter?" cried the Captain through his trumpet. "We are dying for water," was the feeble response.

"Dip it up, then!" shouted back the astonished Captain; "you are in the mouth of the Amazon River.

And sure enough, there those sailors were, with parched lips and swollen tongues, supposing that there was nothing but the ocean's brine around them, when they were in the mouth of the mightiest river on the globe, with three hundred miles of fresh water all around them.

Thus are we, poor thirsty souls, sitting on the boundless ocean of God's saving, on the boundless ocean of God's saving, heedless of the Divine voice, which saith, "If thou knowest the gift of God, and who saith to thee, 'Give me to drink,' thou wouldst have asked of Him, and He would have given thee the living water."

An exchange says not long ago a young merchant who lives up town told his wife that he was compelled, from consideration of expediency, to take a customer from the country to the theatre. When his elderly wife made comments on the elaborate nature of his toilet for a rural person of the male sex, he replied:

"Oh, you see, every thing depends upon impressing that sort of people favorably."

At this moment the merchants office boy made his appearance.

"Well," said the deceiving husband, "did you see the gentleman I sent you to?"

"Yes, sir," replied the messenger.

"And you told him I had tickets for the theatre?"

"Yes, sir; and he said he was much obliged to you, and he would be happy to go with you, and he would wait for you."

"What was he doing?" said the unsuspecting wife.

"He was just fastening the strings of his pull-back," answered the youth.

He found himself a moment afterward on the curtain, where he listened with a sweet smile to the shrill sounds of a woman's tongue.

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"If you was me when you was a man, would you drive a hearse or join a circus?"

A Test of Affection.

A certain young lady, possessing more than ordinary accomplishments for her class of life, being the daughter of poor but respectable parents, on the death of a wealthy relative recently, became entitled to £8,000. When the glad tidings reached the ears of her neighbors, many warm admirers flocked around the hitherto neglected beauty, and there was no end to the overtures of love. Previous to the turn of fortune's wheel, a young man of humble pretensions had been the young lady's only suitor, but the knowledge of her wealth at once placed a formidable barrier in his way, and he contented himself with being a silent worshipper at a distance. Matters ultimately came to a crisis, and in order to test the affection of her devotees, the young lady caused a report to be circulated that the supposed fortune was in reality only a sham, the mistake having occurred through a similarity of name. The intelligence had the effect of causing the visits of the *ladies* to become less frequent, and finally ceased altogether. The humblye youth rejoiced at the change, and at once took the opportunity to console the mistress of his heart, who, to the surprise of all, awarded his sincerity with her hand, and made him sole master of the £8,000.—[Limerick Times.]

Play Calling.

"What kind of house will we play?" asked one little girl of another. "Oh, play calling," replied the other. "Ma-yer, here, she can be Mrs. Brown, and sit on the step, and me and Julia will call on her and ask her how she is, and how her husband is, and if the baby's got over the measles, and tell her nice story, and give mother a good many 'treats' for nothing."

—[Limerick Times.]

ARTIFICIAL TEETH.

A young man and maiden were strolling along, enjoying the moonlight and exchanging those verbal endearments which lovers delight to bestow upon each other, when suddenly the young lady stopped and screamed hysterically. The youth looked at her in amazement, and his soul was filled with agonizing alarm as scream after scream pierced his ears. At that moment a policeman dashed upon the scene, collared the youth roughly, and exclaimed: "I've got you, old fellow; and if you make a motion I'll pounce upon you." And then me and Julia well courtesy, walk off apiece, and I'll say to Julia, "Did you ever see such a horrid fright as she looks in that wrapper?" And then Julia shall say, "The idea of any body having false teeth filled!" And then I'll say, "Yes, and what a home lot of dirty little brats them young ones of her is." Let's play it—what do you say?

Henry Watterson has said and written many good things, but none truer than the following: "The American people owe a debt of deep damnation to the Republican party. They owe it fifteen years of waste. They owe it ten years of actual hate, division and ruin. They owe it the rejection by a conspiracy of a legally-elected President. The Democratic party must not be and never will be disburdened until the debt is paid."

—[Evening News.]

The sweetest, the most clinging affection is often shaken by the slightest break of kindness, as are the delicate rings and tendrils of the vine agitated by the faintest air that blows in summer. An unkink word from one beloved often draws blood from many a heart which would defy the battleaxe of hatred or the keenest edge of vindictive satire. Nay, the shade, the gloom of the face familiar and dear, awakens grief and pain. These are the little thorns which, though men of a rougher form may make their way through them without feeling much, extremely incommod persons of a more refined turn, in their journey through life, and make their traveling irksome and unpleasant.

On the out-going steamers conversation is often of a cosmopolitan nature. A Boston merchant, on a recent trip was considerably impressed by the earnestness of a German passenger. "America," said the returning Teuton, "is the best country in the world. I have lived here more as den years and failed twice, and now I go to mit a fortune and my vanity!"

A CURE FOR GRAVEL.—Dr. Streeter of Santa Barbara, tells the Atlas that the worst case of gravel may be cured, the deposit dissolved and passed away, by using the water in which potatoes have been boiled to pieces; strain the water, sweeten to taste, and drink for two or three weeks. This is a painless cure.

CHANGE OF OPINION.—He that never changed any of his opinions, never corrected any of his mistakes; and he who was never wise enough to find out any mistake in himself, will not be charitable enough to excuse what he reckons mistakes in others.

A young mother in this city, examining christening to her five-year-old boy, told him that when he was christened he would be one of God's little lambs." "And will I have hind legs and go ban?" eagerly asked the boy.

Somebody has written an article on the subject "How to Keep Boys at Home." To tell them to a gate-post would be a good way, but shoot them and pack them in salt, with a little saltpeter, would be more effectual.

A little girl, where a minister had been invited to dinner, was privately placed on the lull in the conversation at the table, she folded her hands and said: "O, God, please pass the butter!"

The project of erecting a railroad running from Glasgow Junction to a point near Mammoth Cave, was privately placed on the lull in the conversation at the table, she folded her hands and said: "O, God, please pass the butter!"

Beauties often die old maids. They set such a value on themselves that they don't find a purchaser until the market is closed.

The Benefit of Laughing.

Dr. Greene, in his "Problem of Health," says there is not the remotest corner or little inlet of a minute blood vessel of the human body that does not feel some wavelet from the convulsion occasioned by good, hearty laughter. The life principle, or the central man, is shaken to its innermost depths, sending new tides of health and strength to the surface, thus materially tending to insure good health to the persons who indulge therein. The blood moves more rapidly, and conveys a different impression to all the organs of the body, as it visits them on that particular mystic journey when the man is laughing, from what it does at another time. For this reason every good, hearty laugh in which a person indulges tends to strengthen his life, conveying, as it does, new and distinct stimulus to the vital forces. Doubtless the time will come when physicians, conceding more importance than they now do to the influence of the mind upon the vital forces of the body, will make their prescriptions more with reference to the mind, and less to drugs for the body; and in so doing, find the best and most effective method of producing the required effect upon the patient.

A Hackensack man was last night creeping softly along the bedroom floor, on his hands and knees, and was feeling tenderly under the bureau for something he had hidden there the evening before, but his wife woke and said, "Peter, what under the heavens are you doing?" "Dear," said he, "I'm walking in my sleep, and dreaming that I am plucking water lilies from the soft, blue bosom of the lake." How to get that flask out of there before she got up in the morning was what worried him more than the water lilies did.

A loving couple "out West" went to the priest to be joined in holy matrimony. While the ceremony was being performed, the woman became enraged at some question the priest asked her, preliminary to tying the knot, and if you make a motion I'll pounce upon you." And then I'll say, "Yes, and what a home lot of dirty little brats them young ones of her is." Let's play it—what do you say?

—[Limerick Times.]

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—[Evening News.]

A negro being asked what he was in jail for, said it was for borrowing money. "But," said the questioner, "they won't put people in jail for borrowing money." "Yes," said the darky—"but I had to knock the man down first, and then I'll get the man down free or fo' times before he would lend it to me."

In this country the proportion of persons having sound teeth is only one in eight, hence it comes that we have 12,000 dentists in active service, who use annually half a ton of pure gold, besides cheaper filling material.

—[Evening News.]

IT'S EIGHTH SESSION.

2ND MONDAY IN SEPTEMBER, NEXT.

ALL THE BRANCHES OF A THOROUGH ENGLISH COURSE.

are taught, as well as MUSIC, THE LANGUAGES, DRAWING AND PAINTING.

TERMS MODERATE.

In Tuition, prices range from \$25 to \$50 in the regular departments. Primary, \$25; Intermediate, \$30; Preparatory, \$40; and Collegiate, \$50.

For full particulars, as to Board, &c., address MRS. S. C. TRUEHE

The Interior Journal.

STANFORD, KY.

Friday Morning, September 7, 1877.

W. P. Walton, Editor

To the City Show, Many Fools Will Go.—(Solomon's Poems.)

A forty-old-days show, lasting from the 4th of this month to the 20th of next, loudly called "THE LOUISVILLE INDUSTRIAL EXPOSITION," is now open for "suckers." This is not a circus nor a menagerie—no elephants and baboons, no spotted horses and striped clowns—but a sort of variety show made up of goods, wares and merchandise and queer inventions belonging to cunning men of the great city, attractively displayed for the admiration and temptation of rustics. In other words, it is a grand combination of business advertisements gotten up for the "gayneil pillage" of the city of Louisville at the expense of those whose lots are cast in the agricultural regions and in the villages of the land.

Here the visitor can see at a glance to the very best advantage the choicest specimens of merchandise and ingenious handiwork now for sale *low for cash* in the biggest town of its size in America—specimens the like of which he can't even find in Louisville, except at the Exposition. He not only has the rare and inestimable privilege of seeing these advertisements and of being enticed thereby, but he is graciously permitted and even requested at the door to contribute pecuniarily to the profit and glory of the enterprise.

This is eminently a paying institution. The proprietors derive large profits from the gate fees; the exhibitors heavy gains from sales made to the excited rustics; and the hotel keepers, saloon keepers, railroads, and even the thieves, all make a raise. It is rather a paying out show to the visitor. He pays for his Sunday clothes to go in; pays for his railroad ticket and that of his sweetheart (if he has one of the gadding about kind) and he pays right and left, fore and aft, going and coming, in fact pays himself clean out of means and into debt, unless he starts out uncommonly rich. But then who cares for expenses in this day of general prosperity, when all manner of business is so lively and so remunerative, when resumption with all its concomitant blessings (to some folds) is almost in sight? Surely now is the time to let our money slide.

Some may imagine that all of the amusement of this institution is to be monopolized by the "rural roosters," as a certain editorial scribe (or Pharisee) so wittily calls the country folks—but such is not the case by any means. The male and female swells of the great town are to have their full share of the fun too.

The grand display of gaudy dry goods, glittering gew-gaws and million-wheeled machinery, &c., &c., will not be a whit more gratifying to the eager curiosity of the "roosters" than the movements, manners, utterances, and toggery of the latter will be to the eye-glasses and ears of the swells and swells-esses aforesaid. What giddy giggling these metropolitans will have at the expense of their unsuspecting and admiring visitors, will never be found out. Certainly the pleasure and honor of affording to these superiors so much exquisite enjoyment, ought to be sufficient inducement, for all who can to attend the Exposition.

But the most wonderful curiosity—the grandest creation of human cunning—is yet to be mentioned. This is the production of Joe Bradley, and is no less than a living president of a great nation made out of—nothing! Surely, no rational man, be he Radical or Democrat, Jew or Gentile, Greek or Mussulman, will throw away this opportunity to see with his eyes the big Betweenist who has so graciously consented to lend himself as a temporary advertisement to our metropolis. Better all go. It will be a long time before another president will be shown in a ring like that.

TROTTING RACES.—The Kentucky Trotting Horse Breeders' Association are out with their Fall programme, commencing October 9th, and continuing five days, hanging up in premiums the handsome sum of \$6,200, divided into the following classes: Three-year-olds, 3:00, 2:27; four-year-olds, 2:50, 2:30; two-year-olds, 2:40; three-year-olds that have never beaten 3:00; four-year-olds and 2:23 classes. Entries close October 1st, and addressed to P. B. Hunt, Lexington, Ky. From the above this should be the very best meeting ever given by the Association. They will use the splendid new track and ground of the Fair Association, and we predict a splendid success, both point of entries and attendance. *

In the presence of 18,000 persons, among them his 18 wives and numerous children, the body of Brigham Young, was, on last Sunday, consigned to its last resting place. Wife No. 19, which the same is Ann Eliza, did not take a part in the obsequies. By the way, it is said that besides being the third largest depositor in the Bank of England, Brigham owns millions of dollars worth of property in this country. Wife No. 19 will no doubt, try to get a hand in that.

WAKING 'EM UP.—The numerous newspaper articles in regard to Grove Kennedy and the negligent officials have had their effect in waking up the Commonwealth's Attorney, who moved the Court in session at Lancaster last week to issue rules against the Sheriffs of Lincoln and Garrard, to show cause why they should not be fined for permitting Mr. Kennedy to go at large, when they had Bench Warrants against him in their pockets. The rule so far as Mr. Feland was concerned, was issued and sent to the Jailer of this county for execution. But when Mr. Feland appeared to answer the rule on Saturday last, he swore, as did his deputy, that no warrant had ever been received by him, and it finally turned out, if ever issued, that the Clerk had failed to send it because it would cost three cents, which tremendous expense he was unwilling to incur. Now this is a pretty state of affairs, a man charged with murder is permitted to go at large and disport himself at Crab Orchard with as little apparent concern as the most innocent pleasure-seeker, and no warrant is sent out because the Circuit Clerk of Garrard becomes suddenly tired of paying postage. There is a good deal of rotteness connected with this case which we intend to show up before it is through with.

The Sheriff of Garrard and Lincoln counties are without excuse for their negligence in the case of Grove Kennedy, and should be promptly displaced from office. Two bench warrants were issued to these officers by special Judge Wickliffe for the arrest of the fugitive from justice, but the warrants have not been executed, notwithstanding the fact that Kennedy has been known to be within only a few miles of the officers themselves. They should be taught a lesson that they will not soon forget. Their conduct has been absolutely disgraceful.—(Louisville Evening News.)

Willing always to give even the devil his due, we are prepared to say upon the sworn statements of Sheriff Feland and his deputy that no bench warrant for the arrest of Grove Kennedy had ever reached their hands until they appeared at Lancaster last Saturday in answer to the rule against them. Perhaps it would have been all the same if they had, but we will not judge them harshly. We understand that the Sheriff of Garrard had a warrant, however, but why he has made no attempt to serve it, is perhaps best known to himself. A man serving in the humble capacity of a journalist has no right to inquire into the acts and short comings of officers. He might make some body mad.

HUNG BY A MOB.—Since the confession of Shuck, who was hanged for the murder of his father-in-law, times have been exceedingly hot for his companions in crime in Henry County. Jim Simmons, the leader of the band that has been such a terror to that part of the State, was arrested on Shuck's confession, which implicated him, as were, also, Robert, Samuel, and Joseph Goodrich, and Dave Carter. The latter turned State's evidence, and corroborated the statements of Shuck. The four men named above had their preliminary trial, and were sent to jail without bail. But the infuriated citizens, fearing that justice would take its usual tardy course, and perhaps finally end, after all the witnesses are dead, in an acquittal, took Jim Simmons and the Goodriches from jail and ornamented a neighboring bridge with their foul carcasses. The murders that have been committed by these men are surprising, both in number and atrocity, and the verdict of the public will be in favor of the mob that meted out vengeance to them.

A HOUSE OF ill fame in Cincinnati, was undermined by workmen preparing for the foundation of a house on the adjoining lot and with a crash the den of infamy came down, burying a number of the workmen and killing two of the unfortunate female inmates outright. Several others were wounded and the "gentlemen" friends who were sharing the beds of some of the fallen angels appeared among the debris, minus every other piece of clothing except drawers. Two of the workmen were killed.

The Marshal of Lebanon, who, it was supposed had defaulted for the amount of town taxes collected by him and decamped was found in his father's stable the other day laboring apparently under aberration of mind. In his pocket was found an amount about sufficient to pay his indebtedness to the town, which was turned over for that purpose.

The painters are putting the finishing touches on the C. S. R. R. bridge across the Ohio at Cincinnati, and within a week it will be ready for trains to pass over. One of the spans of the bridge is the longest in the world, being 515 feet between centres of end piers.

DEATH OF M. THIERS.—This venerable statesman, distinguished historian and leader of Conservative Republicanism in France, died in Paris, on Monday last. His dying declaration was, that a Republican form of government was alone possible in his best attention and nursing.

Mr. Robert Beazley's physicians pronounce his case hopeless and are in daily expectation of his decease. Forty days ago he was thrown from a wheat thresher, suffering a compound fracture of the ankle joint. Agreeably to his persistent pleadings and defiance of danger, the surgeons in attendance consented to postpone amputation and risk the very remote chance for recovery. The limb was properly set and placed in a box and has apparently progressed favorably. A few nights ago the injured limb set up intense pain, followed by enormous swelling, and now the patient is dying of what is technically termed Pyæmia, or blood poisoning. He is at Mrs. Almira Burnside's and receives the best attention and nursing.

Poole, of Louisville, has recently placed a handsome stone over the remains of

Sam Pollard, in the Cemetery at this place.

EMMETT LOGAN, as envoy extraordinary, went out to Jim Simmon's domain to write up the many murders and crimes that have been committed there, and in Monday's *Courier-Journal* furnishes an interesting account of what he saw and learned.

The *Courier-Journal* has a sensational article, claiming that the successful Turkish General, Osman Pasha, is no other than Clay Crawford, a former Tennessean.

W. SHANNON, of Barren county, aged 82, has just married a widow lady of 81 years. As long as there's life there's hope.

MISS ADA WYZARD was caught by a train while crossing a railroad bridge near New Albany, and crushed to death.

Fifty-two fire insurance companies were damaged or retired from business during the first six months of 1877.

THE NEWPORT LOCAL is just a year old, but it's the smartest yearling we oversaw.

THE TIDE OF BATTLE HAS TURNED. The R. S. BURNAM, in which certain tracts of land came in dispute possession. The court decided that the home tract and some small adjacent tracts were partnership lands, and that the tract individually claimed by Harrison Burnam is legally his own. But as much as partnership monies had been expended upon said tract, it was adjudged equitable to withhold the rents and award only the land. Thus was finally discharged a case of Jarndyce annoyance if not of Jarndyce dimensions.

THE MOONLIGHT FETE CHAMPETRE given by the young ladies of the town last Wednesday eve, was elegant in all of its appointments and complete in every respect, except the moonlight. The commanding lawn known as the Barracks Grounds, was secured, and the necessary preparations for a social evening went on, amid much pleasure and friendly toil. About 3 o'clock the gods and goddesses of husbandry met in solemn council, and decided that it would be better to sacrifice the man in the moon than to lose all of the season's supply of parched vegetation. So calling in the services of Jove and his emissaries, sundry thunderbolts were hurled, angry flashes answered the charge, and a furious fit of tears from the tumultuous clouds dashed through the air, absorbing the torturing hay-fever pollen and deluging the earth an extent that all thoughts of romance gave place to utilitarian ideas. In this dilemma the rooms of the barracks building were put in readiness, and a handsome table soon stretched its attractive length, and gave forth fruits, flowers, confections and ices. In fact, we should remark that it graced with viands; if we had not a suspicion that the same thing had been said before; and plagiarism is bad taste. Some were and some remained at home, but a most select and fascinating company were assembled at the appointed hour, and all was conducted decently and in order, after the manner of Biblical command. The party was matronized by a number of married ladies, and much praise is due the managers. A magnificient pyramid of flowers was made by Mrs. Thos. Reid for the central ornament of the tables.

ON MONDAY THE SCHOOLS OPENED. Our report is as far gathered in as is possible.

THE LANCASSTER MALE ACADEMY, fifty pupils; Franklin Institute, seventy-seven, with a number of other names seen in for next week's enrollment.

GEN. GANO IS STILL PREACHING AT FAIRVIEW; WITH SUCCESS WHICH WE HAVE NOT LEARNED.

THE MEETING AT PAINT LICK CLOSED WITH ABOUT THIRTY ADDITIONS, AMONG WHOM WERE SEVERAL ELDER GENTLEMEN OF PROMINENCE.

THE TRIBUNE PAID A CALL ON DR. MCKEE'S HOME.

THE PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH IN LANCASSTER, ON SUNDAY LAST, IT BEING THE OCCASION OF COMMUNION SERVICE, THE ORDINANCE OF BAPTISM WAS ADMINISTERED TO MRS. WALKER LANDRUM AND HER INFANT SON, CLYDE. ON THURSDAY AFTERNOON WHEN THE MEMBERS OF THE CHRISTIAN CHURCH WERE ASSEMBLED FOR THE USUAL PRAYER MEETING, A LOVING PAIR—MR. RICE BURNIDE AND MRS. FLORA HUGHES, UNEXPECTEDLY PRESENTED THEMSELVES FOR MARRIAGE, AND DR. A. ADAMS PROCEEDED TO TIE THE KNOT IN DUE FORM.

ON MONDAY THE SCHOOLS OPENED. OUR REPORT IS AS FAR GATHERED IN AS IS POSSIBLE.

THE LANCASSTER MALE ACADEMY, FIFTY PUPILS; FRANKLIN INSTITUTE, SEVENTY-SEVEN, WITH A NUMBER OF OTHER NAMES SEEN IN FOR NEXT WEEK'S ENROLLMENT.

THE NEWPORT LOCAL IS JUST A YEAR OLD, BUT IT'S THE SMARTEST YEARLING WE OVERSaw.

THE R. S. BURNAM, IN WHICH CERTAIN TRACTS OF LAND CAME IN DISPUTE POSSESSION.

THE C. S. R. R. BRIDGE ACROSS THE OHIO AT CINCINNATI IS BEING REPAIRED.

THE MARSHAL OF LEONBON, WHO IS TO BE BURIED IN THE CEMETERY AT THIS PLACE.

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OUR BOYS HAVE DISPERSED TO COLLEGE, READY FOR ANOTHER YEAR'S WORK.

MR. C. R. MILLARD, who removed from this place to the "far West" a few months ago, sends a handsome buffalo robe to the Hon. G. W. D., in token of kind remembrance.

THE COLORED FAIR AT DANVILLE, IS HAPPILY AND OVER AND OUR MATRONES ARE REJOICING IN THE RESTORATION OF COOKS, MAIDS, NURSES AND LAUNDRIES.

OUR TURNPIKES ARE MORE EXCELLENT THAN COMFORTABLE UNDER THEIR WEIGHT OF FRESH ROCK AND GRAVEL.

WE HAPPILY TRANSFER OUR DISSENTIONS TO THE COLUMNS OF THE COURIER-JOURNAL, HOPING GARRARD MAY COME OUT WITH FLYING COLORS.

IT IS TO BE VERY SOON—but DON'T BE CURIOS.

CLEO.

CASEY COUNTY NEWS.

MIDDLEBURG.

SEPTEMBER 4TH, 1877.

WHOOPING COUGH IS RAGING IN THIS COMMUNITY.

DOCK SMITH, A LITTLE BOY OF THIS VILLAGE, WAS THROWN FROM A MILE A FEW DAYS AGO, AND HAD HIS LEG BADLY BRUISED.

MESRS. GRAHAM & HUBBARD, OF YOUR COUNTY, PASSED THROUGH TOWN LAST SATURDAY, THE 25TH, WITH A DRIVE OF 1,400 SHEEP.

THESE WERE A SMALLER ATTENDANCE AT THE BAPTIST SABBATH SCHOOL LAST SUNDAY THAN FOR A LONG TIME—A CONSEQUENCE OF THE WHOOPING COUGH EPIDEMIC.

THE CHOLERA HAS ABATED SOMEWHAT SINCE OUR LAST.

REVS. J. M. SALLIE, OF THIS PLACE, AND W. S. TAYLOR, OF PULASKI COUNTY, ARE HOLDING A PROTRACTED MEETING AT NEWEL'S SCHOOL-HOUSE EIGHT MILES SOUTH OF THIS PLACE. WE HAVE NOT HEARD THE RESULT OF THE MEETING SINCE.

WE WERE NOT PRESENT AT THE GOOD TEMPORAL CONVENTION AT RICHARD'S SCHOOL-HOUSE, LAST SATURDAY, BUT LEARNED THAT THE MEETING WAS A HARMONIOUS ONE, AND WELL ATTENDED. MESSRS. N. W. HUGHES, JOHN LAY, H. A. LEE, AND D. M. JOHNSON WERE THE ORATORS OF THE OCCASION, AND I UNDERSTAND THEY ACQUITTED THEMSELVES WITH HONOR.

MISS ANNA SALLIE, OF SOMERSET, IS VISITING HER BROTHER, REV. J. M. SALLIE, OF THIS PLACE.

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The Interior Journal.

STANFORD, KY.

Friday Morning, September 7, 1877.

BUSINESS NOTICES.

Get the Noiseless Slate at Chenault's.

Go to Bohm & Stagg for School Books.

SMITH & MILLER are still buying Beef Hides.

ANDERSON & McROBERTS sell the "Noiseless Slate."

For SALE, a lot of Carts, cheap. Apply to W. P. Walton.

Buy your Books, Paper, Pens, Ink and Pencils, at E. R. Chenault's.

Call on Henry Husing for Boots and Shoes. He is shoemaking again.

Go to E. R. Chenault's for School Books. Large stock at publishers' prices.

Common School Books, Copy Books, and Slates for sale by Anderson & McRoberts.

A good assortment of Spectacles at low prices, just received at Anderson & McRoberts.

Pocket Knives and Smith & Wesson's Pistols, at reduced prices, at Anderson & McRoberts.

Our Stock of School Books, Slates, Copy Books, Pens, Ink and Paper is now complete in every way. Come and buy.

ANDERSON & McROBERTS.

Mrs. L. Bradley wishes her friends and partners to know that she keeps at all times new and fashionable Military Goods. Her place of business can be found by her sign "Military and Dress Making."

S. N. MATHENY, the best Merchant Tailor in the State, is now on hand, and is constantly receiving a splendid stock of goods for Fall and Winter wear. He works the best material only, and always guarantees a good fit.

Go to Bohm & Stagg's for Pure Drugs, Patent Medicines, best Whiskies, Brandies and Wines for Medicinal uses; Miscellaneous and School Books, Stationery of all varieties, Pocket Knives, Scissors, Guns and Pistols, Cartridges, Powder, Shot, Caps, Fishing Tackle, finest Chewing and Smoking Tobacco, Cigars, Laundry and Toilet Soaps, Jars, Bottles, Household Ex-Sets, Combs and Brushes, Window Glass, Mirrors, Lamps and Fixtures, Picture Frames and Molding, Folding Hat Racks, Paints and Oils of all colors, kinds and kinds. Prescriptions carefully filled at any hour and night.

LOCAL NEWS.

A SPLENDID line of Ruchings just received at Hayden Bros.

A large lot of the best glazed stoneware at Chenault & Evans.

We acknowledge with thanks, a box of superior fruit from Miss Meota Simpson.

MESSES. BAUGHMAN and BALL are progressing rapidly with their new building.

LICENSE for the marriage of Mr. James Ramsey to Miss Emily Jane Eppes, was issued yesterday.

FARMERS wanting the best Wheat Drill will find it at Campbell & Miller's.

The summer just ended has been remarkably pleasant, and there was less sickness in this locality than for years.

Mr. J. L. DAWSON, Sr., caught 21 large rats in one trap the other night and it was not a good night for the business either.

The Stanford Female College will begin its next session on Monday. We understand the prospects for a full school were never better.

LEXINGTON FAIR.—Messrs. Owens & Buford will commence running a Hack next Tuesday, to connect at Danville with the C. S. R. R. Excursion Train to the Lexington Fair.

The like of which was never before heard of in Stanford, a whole car load of two horse wagens received at one time by Chenault & Evans, direct from a Wisconsin Manufacturer. A good two horse wagon with bed and brake for \$70.

The crowd in town last Monday, County court day, was large, and we can form an estimate of the amount of goods sold at Hayden Bros. store, by the multitude of people who flocked there, we would place that estimate very high. It is the popular resort for all who want cheap and excellent goods.

BEFORE leaving Louisville, Miss Annie Fisher, the head of John H. Craig's Military Establishment, spent two days at the great exposition in that city, expressly to examine the grand display of Fall and Winter styles of hats, flowers, silks, etc., and she will exhibit some of the most elegant of those styles to-day and to-morrow, to all the ladies who call at the store.

ALTHOUGH the Fall season has barely opened, we perceive that the store house of Hayden Bros. is full of customers every day, and they are continually receiving and selling large bills of goods, not only to our own citizens, but to many from adjoining counties. They will have, in a short time, every shelf and a splendid stock of goods in all lines.

SHERIFF FELAX and his deputy replied to the article that we clipped from the Courier-Journal last week, denying that they had ever received a bench warrant for the arrest of Kennedy. They also took occasion to make a few "sarcastic" remarks about those little drams that Watterson took with the distinguished outlaw while they were both guests of Crab Orchard Springs. Their letter appeared in the Courier-Journal of last Saturday.

LAST evening Miss Annie L. Fisher, the accomplished Miller engaged by Mr. John H. Craig, arrived from Louisville with a beautiful stock of rare, new and beautiful Fall and Winter Hats, and all the new and lovely shades in flowers, silks, velvets, ribbons, satins, &c. She requests us to invite the ladies to call at her Head Quarters in Craig's Palace and examine the beautiful stock, assuring them that they will be delighted therewith.

It is reported that a Dutchman, bald-headed and most unwholesomely ugly, who has been for some time engaged in getting out staves, near McKinney's Station, and boarding in the family of a man who had a young and pretty wife and several small children, recently decamped with the wife, leaving the husband and babies to mourn this rude invasion of their domestic peace. The truant wife is said to be now in Stanford, awaiting the result of negotiations for the sale of certain car-loads of negroes before she continues her journey.

A. A. WARREN is agent here for the Singer, the best Sewing Machine made, and good as any you ever put your tooth into. It was presented us this week by Mr. E. H. Burnside. We'll get Mr. Burnside to write an article on "what he knows about raising sweet potatoes" and publish it for the good of the country.

JUST received twelve hundred yards Hamburg Edgings, at 12¢ per yard, at John H. Craig's—great bargains.

WEARN & EVANS have sold over two thousand fruit jars this season, and are still receiving and selling them daily.

MARRIAGES.—Mr. Jno. Thomas Payne to Miss Mattie A. Smith; and Geo. W. Welch to Miss Rachel Vinson, were married in this county on yesterday.

A COLORED boy named Alex Gregory, was lodged in jail here, Monday, charged with stealing brandy from Mr. Bowers Camden, near Waynesburg.

SITOT.—Charley Yates, a half-witted negro boy, shot himself in the chin while handling a shot gun the other day. The wound is quite severe, though it is not considered dangerous.

PERSONAL.—Miss Nannie Alcorn left Tuesday for a visit to her sister, Mrs. Parks, who lives at Liberty, Mo. Mrs. Larvin de Launey, of Columbus, Ga., arrived here this week with her niece, Miss Lucy Banks, who enters for next session in the Female College. Dr. J. B. S. Frisbie, of Kirkville, and Mr. Jas. Phillips, of Monticello, made us pleasant call this week. Misses Kate and Coraie Walker and Miss Mose, of Louisville, were guests of Miss Annie Craig this week. J. L. Bruce, Esq., of the Danville Advocate, was here County court day. J. T. Craig and J. B. Paxton left this week for school, the former to Vanderbilt University, Nashville, and the latter to Central University, Richmond. Miss Mary Myers, after a delightful trip to Virginia, arrived home Wednesday, in fine health and spirits. Prof. Jennings was to have arrived this week, but as he has not put in an appearance, it is feared that he got lost again.

A TEAM attached to a two horse wagon became frightened on Court day, and ran up Main street at a fearful speed, to the imminent danger of people and stock. No one was hurt and the only damage done was the overturning of a buggy that was struck in the mad career. The team finally hung up in a lot of stock on Jail street and was caught.

UPTONVILLE had a sensation last Saturday night growing out of the fight of Geo. Campbell (not "Bulldog") with Miss Maggie Green, to the poetic land of Tennessee. There was no pursuit. A young brother of the bride expectant met the party on the road and failing to induce his sister to return, started to town for help to arrest them at the Station. In the darkness he made a headlong cavalry charge on a Spring wagon which he scattered in fragments, and was himself unhorsed and prettily bruised. The fugitives gained the train and reached Somerset, whence they proceeded on their way in baggage.

Speaking of the Rev. Geo. O. Barnes, the Richmond Register asks: "Why can't we have this pious and eloquent embassador of Heaven in our midst. Others have tried and all failed; let's have this man and perhaps good may be done."

Bishop E. M. Marvin, the eloquent and gifted minister of the Methodist Episcopal Church, has arrived at New York from his visit to the Missionary fields of China, where he was sent to ordain young ministrants there and inspect the work.

At the last meeting of the General Assembly of the Southern Presbyterians, the Rev. Mr. Campbell (not "Bulldog") was elected to the office of Moderator, and the Rev. Mr. F. W. H. Thompson, of Atlanta, was elected to the office of Vice Moderator.

The regular Companion Services will be held at the Presbyterian Church the 3rd Sabbath in this month.

Rev. J. M. Bruce requests us to ask a full attendance at the meeting at the First Baptist Church to-morrow morning at 10:30.

My idea is that life is so short, and the work to be done so great, and the workers so few, that our time can be better spent than in controversy. [Muddy.]

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STANFORD, KY.

Friday Morning, September 7, 1877.

Fifteen Years in Prison.

Here is a scrap from the reminiscences of a Hungarian Nobleman who spent the best part of his manhood in prison:

"Fifteen years I was in this dungeon—a rough, dark, noisome place, not more than ten feet square," he writes.

"During six years I had a companion—during nine years I was alone. I could never clearly distinguish the gloominess of our cell. The first year, when we did not sleep, we talked incessantly together; we related every incident of the past which we could call to mind—told of our joys and sorrows—over and over again. The next year we refrained from relating experience, and gave to each other our thoughts upon all sorts of subjects.

During the third year we grew silent. We were losing the power of reflection, and the old ideas were forgotten. During the fourth year we spoke seldom, and then only to wonder if the world without was bright and bustling as we had left it. During the fifth we were mostly silent. There had come a feeling of sadness—of isolation—which would not be broken in upon. The effort of speech was painful.

During the sixth year my companion was taken away. They came and led him out, whether to death or to liberty—I knew not. I was glad when he was gone. The pale, vacuous face, dimly visible in the ceaseless gloom, always in the self-same place—always an index of woe and suffering—had become unbearable. Had he been taken during the first or second year, I should have been crushed; but now the solitude was grateful. I was thankful when I found myself alone with my great sorrow.

One day, more than a year after my companion had been taken away, I heard the sound of a human voice again. The door of my cell was opened, and a voice said to me: "By order of his Imperial Majesty I inform you, Sir Count, that your wife died twelve months since." Then the door was shut. This great agony had been cast upon me, and I was left alone with it. The next speech I heard was of my liberation. The best part of my life was behind me. Heaven grant that I may live long enough to learn to be grateful for my liberty."

Yes, there is a depth of misery that wants no company, and many are the men who have found and suffered it.

Short Shirts, Short Waists, and Poke Bonnets Deceived from Paris.

How will you like yourself dressed in the style of the empire, a la Josephine? Short skirts short waists, large poke bonnets, and big bags on your arms? Do you think it will be becoming to our style of beauty? I trust that in assuming this empire dress—if it is to be—we shall not be entirely deprived of our influence, as the women of the empire were, for it is a matter of history that the women of the empire were as remarkable for their deportment of influence as were the women of the revolution—for its enjoyment and exercise. But, candidly, it is said here that Faubourg St. Germain will be the first to hear the reverberation. [Extract from a Paris Letter of July 31st.]

A French story: A sergeant of the one hundred and tenth meets a peasant woman on the train: She—"What regiment do you belong to?" He—"The one hundred and tenth." She—"How lucky! My son is in the one hundred and eleventh, right next to you. Will you take him this han?" He—"With pleasure." (Takes it.) She—"Well, isn't I in luck!" (Exultant amo. They have the han at the sergeant's mess of the one hundred and tenth for dinner next day.)

Beautiful women have ever been reputed a staple product of Kentucky, and from what I have seen here the rising generation promises to do no discredit to their fair ancestors. The prevailing type is tall, graceful, and engaging, excellent walkers and accomplished riders, complexion usually very fair, sunlit brown hair, blue and hazel eyes, good teeth, and small hands, with a slight air of hauteur thrown as a veil over the whole bearing.—[St. Louis Times.]

To PURIFY THE COMPLEXION.—Eat an orange or two every morning before breakfast, drink plenty of lemonade, not sweetened, never drink tea, coffee, nor any kind of stimulants; do not use soap on the face or neck; take a sponge bath every morning—either cold or tepid—in water made soft with powdered borax, teaspoonful in a basin of water.

According to Pliny, the crow attains to 720 years, the raven 240, and the swan 200; all of which is doubtful. Parrots, however, have been known to reach 100, herons 52, storks more than 40, and gold-finches and nightingales, even when confined in cages, 24 years. Birds undoubtedly live much longer than mammals.

Three is a mob according to law. This is what a young fellow thinks when he and another chap are courting the same girl.—[N. Y. Herald.]

What Country Papers Do.

An exchange combats with considerable vigor the argument that the city papers, are cheaper and better than county papers, because they give more columns of reading matter for the money. Do the city papers, it asks, ever give you any thing in regard to your county? Nothing. Do they contain notices of your schools, church-meetings, improvements, and hundreds of other local matters of interest, which your paper publishes without pay? Not an item. Do they ever say a word calculated to draw your attention to your county and its numerous thriving towns and aid in their progress and enterprise? Not a word. And yet there are men with such contracted views of this matter, that unless they are getting as many square inches of reading matter in their own as they do in a city paper, they think they are not getting the worth of their money. It reminds us of the person who took the largest pair of boots in the box, simply because they cost the same as a pair much smaller that fit him.

A St. Louis paper tells a story of a dissolute widower who, on seeing the remains of his late wife lowered in the grave, exclaimed, with tears in his eyes: "Well, I've lost gloves; I've lost umbrellas—yes, even cows and horses; but I never—no, never, had any thing to eat me like this."

MEDICINE.

DR. C. M. LANE'S
Celebrated American
WORM SPECIFIC
—OR—

VERMIFUGE.

SYMPTOMS OF WORMS.

THE countenance is pale and leaden-colored, with occasional flushed cheeks; the eyes become dull; the pupils dilate; an azure semicircle runs along the lower eyelid, the nose is irritated, swells, and sometimes bleeds; stools irregular, at times costive; stools slimy; not unfrequently tinged with blood; belly swollen and hard; urine turbid; respiration occasionally difficult, and accompanied by hiccup; cough sometimes dry and conulsive; easy and disturbed sleep; with grinding of the teeth; temper variable, but generally irritable, &c.

Whenever the above symptoms are found to exist,

DR. C. M. LANE'S VERMIFUGE will certainly effect a cure.

IT DOES NOT CONTAIN MERCURY in any form; it is an innocent preparation, not capable of doing the slightest injury to the most tender infant.

The genuine Dr. M. LANE'S VERMIFUGE bears the signatures of C. M. LANE and FLEMING BROS. on the wrapper.

DR. C. M. LANE'S
LIVER PILLS.

These Pills are not recommended

as remedial for all the ills that flesh is heir to, but in afflictions of the liver, and in all Bilious Complaints, Dyspepsia, and SICK HEADACHE, or diseases of that character, they stand without a rival.

AGUE AND FEVER.

No better cathartic can be used

pro- or, to after taking Quinine.

As a simple purgative they are unequalled.

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LIVER PILLS.

These Pills are not recommended

as remedial for all the ills that flesh is heir to, but in afflictions of the

liver, Stomach, Kidneys, Lungs, Pimples, Pustules, Boils, Blotches, Tumors, Tetter, Salt Rheum, Scald Head, Ringworm, Ulcers, Sores, Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Pain in the Bones, Side and Head, Female Weakness, Sterility, Leucorrhœa, arising from internal Inflammation and Uterine Disease, Syphilis, and Malaria, Disease, Dropsey, Dyspepsia, Emaciation, General Debility, and for Purifying the Blood.

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